

THE



HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

AN AMPHIBIOUS MAN.

ON the authority of PADRE FEIJOO, of whom I am only the translator, I relate this very curious and wonderful narrative:—In the month of June, in the year 1674, some young men walking upon the sea-side in Bilboa, one of them, named *Francis de la Vega*, of about fifteen years of age, suddenly leaped into the sea, and disappeared presently. His companions after waiting some time, and he not returning, concluded he was drowned. They then made the event public, and sent an account of it to De la Vega's mother, who lived at Lierganes, a small town in the archbishoprick of Burgos. At first she did not give credit to his death; but her son not appearing at her house, nor in the city wherein he lived before his misfortune, her doubts vanished, and she gave him up for lost.

About five years afterwards, some fishermen, in the environs of Cadiz, one day perceived the figure of a man sometimes swimming, and sometimes plunging under the water. On the next day they saw the same, and mentioned it as a singular circumstance to several people. They threw their nets, and baiting the swimmer with some pieces of bread, they at length caught him, and to their astonishment found him to be a very well-formed man. They put several questions to him in different languages, but he answered none. They then had recourse to another method: they took him to the convent of St. Frances, where he was exorcised, thinking he might be possessed by some evil spirit. The exorcism was as useless as the questions had been. At length, after some days, he pronounced the word *Lierganes*.

It so happened, that some person belonging to that town was present when he uttered the name, as also the secretary of the inquisition. He wrote to his friends at Lierganes, with a view to obtain some particulars relative to this very extraordinary man. He received for answer, that a young man of Lierganes had some time since disappeared on the coast of Bilboa, but nothing had been heard of him since.

It was then determined that this *marinem* should be sent to Lierganes; and a Franciscan friar, who was obliged to go there upon some other business, undertook to conduct him. It was not, however, done until the following year. When they came within a quarter of a league of the town, the friar ordered the young man to go before, and shew him the way to his house. He made no answer, but conducted the Franciscan to his mother's house. She recollected him immediately, and embracing him, cried out, "*this is my son that I lost at Bilboa.*" Two of his brothers, who were present, also knew him immediately, and embraced him with equal tenderness. He, however, did not evince the least sensibility, or seem in the smallest degree surprized. He spoke no more at Lierganes than he had done at Cadiz, nor could they draw from him any thing relative to his adventure. He had entirely forgot his native language, except the words *pan, vino, tabaco*, "bread, wine, tobacco;" and these he uttered indiscriminately, without any application. They asked him if he would have either of these articles; he could make no reply.

For some days together he would eat large quantities of bread, and for as many days following he would not take the least food of any kind. If they directed him to do any thing he would execute the commission very properly, but without speaking a word. He would carry a letter to where it was addressed, and bring an answer back in writing. They sent him one day with a letter to St. Ander; to get there, it was necessary to cross the river Padrenna, which is more than a league wide in that spot; and Francis de la Vega not finding a boat in which he could cross it, throw himself in, swam over, and delivered the letter as directed. This young man was nearly six feet in height, well-formed, fair skin, and red hair, which was as short as new-born infants. He always went barefooted, and had scarcely any nails either on his hands or feet. He never dressed himself but when he was told to do it. The same with eating; what they offered him he accepted, but never asked for any.—In this way he remained at his mother's for nine years; he then again

disappeared, and no one could assign a reason for it. It is easy to suppose, that the cause which occasioned his first disappearance, influenced the second. It was reported, that an inhabitant of Lierganes, sometime after, again saw Francis de la Vega in some port in Asturias; but this was never confirmed, or even well attested.

When this very singular man was first taken out of the sea at Cadiz, it is said, that his body was entirely covered over with scales, but they fell off soon after his coming out of the water. They also add, that different parts of his body were as hard as shagreen. To this account Padre Feijoo adds many philosophical reflections on the existence of this phenomenon, and on the means by which a man may be enabled to live at the bottom of the sea, &c. &c. He observes, that if Francis de la Vega had preserved his reason, and the use of speech, he could have given us more instruction and information than all the combined works of the greatest naturalists.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO MR. TOM CARELESS.

I send you a few observations which were some days since handed to me by a friend, from which you may collect an answer to part of your postscript, viz.—"Whether I am rich."

Yours,

SALLY HEEDLESS.

The many unhappy marriages that daily present themselves to the world, are strong proofs of the weakness or corruption of mankind. A marriage state is one, strongly desired and fervently wished for, by almost every person. In it, is to be sought true happiness; in it is often found, bitter woe. The change from a single life to a married one is the most interesting, the most critical, and the most important in the vicissitudes of man. It is a contract entered into, before heaven and earth in declarations solemn and pledges dear. It is not a contract of property or a promise of some indifferent act, but one in which is involved our happiness, our contentment, our all.—Yet is it entered into, in the giddy moments of tho't-

less levity, or wild madness of precipitate passion; often with corrupt and wicked motives, and often through base and mercenary views.

The principle inducements to marriage, are, love, family connexions, and pecuniary advantages.—Love, when untainted with sensual appetite, and untarnished with external circumstances, is the noblest and most lasting passion in the human breast. Time will never weaken it, and danger and misfortune give it new strength. We have many examples of persons being in love, and afterwards entertaining the most inveterate hatred towards each other. This may be the fate of impure & unworthy lovers, whose affection was founded upon external circumstances. But true love, when once alive, is immortal. Like that of Eloisa and Abelard, withstands the blasts of unpropitious fortune, and braves the terrors of unnatural friends. Distress fans the dying embers and trouble gives new fuel to the flame. Love, is the greatest spur to enterprize, and the best incentive to generous deeds. A heart fortified with it, and an arm nerved in its support, will be crowned with fortune, honor, and success.—Many are the marriages, but few founded on pure love.—Where the object is connexion and influence of family, the consequences are often beneficial. Time may raise esteem into love. It is, however, a hazard, and the happiness of a man's life is too precious to depend upon a die.

But the great and primary object, now taken into consideration, is *wealth*. In money is concentrated all the fine and affectionate feelings of a modern lover. She that has the greatest fortune, has the most admirers. But she often mistakes her purse for herself; and whilst she thinks she kills at every glance, it is her fortune that wounds the mercenary hearts of her hypocritical adorers. Did persons but know their own good!—Did they but reflect a moment!—Would not reason tell and sad experience inform a lady of refined feelings, polite education and aimable manners, that she never could be happy in the bosom of a man, whose disposition was not congenial with her own, though he had the whole world for an inheritance? Can the mind be at ease when the internal feelings are at war with the external acts that express them? If she be a wife, she must affect love, though she feels none—she must fawn, though her heart contemns—she must assume an air of cheerfulness and pleasantry, though pining under misery and discontent.

View with mingled emotions of pity and regret, Marcella;—a few years ago, her cheeks vied with the blooming rose;—vigorous health ran through every vein;—from her eyes flashed the gentle flame of love;—her susceptible heart felt the pangs of others' woe;—her mind quick and enlightened;—her manners aimable and becoming;—her

person dignified and beautiful, all destined her for a better end. She, unfortunate creature, was surrounded with many worshipers. Among others, one, on whom fortune had lavished a large inheritance. His soul was as inactive to noble works, as his heart was corrupt and prone to evil deeds. But his wealth covered the blemishes of his mind, and his equipage added dignity to his person. She, in part, dazzled with his splendid appearance, and in part impelled by parental awe—married him.—A few months passed in blissful happiness and endearing love. But domestic comfort soon lost its relish for a man who had been accustomed from his youth to gambling, revelling and drinking. His elevated soul required to move in a more extensive sphere. His house soon became a place of abhorrence, and was only resorted to, until his consumptive body, overcome with licentiousness, had recovered sufficient strength to renew his scenes of dissipation. In two years and an half, his estate was lost and spent;—and the sudden check of unbounded profligacy, laid him in his grave.—Behold her now—alas, her cheeks hollow and pale; her eyes sunk and dead; her body weak and emaciated; her mind wild and mysterious. In a twilight corner of a room she sits; a fond child rests upon her tottering knees, smiling at the grief of a heart-rung mother. Pale hunger is driven away by the kind hand of pity. In the sullen gloom of eclipsed fortune, she weeps the day in silent sorrow; the night she passes in dismal thoughts of heavy melancholy, and half-waked dreams of a disturbed imagination.—Such is the fate of mercenary lovers. Let those who doubt it, cast their eyes around them;—the living instances will be a melancholy proof.

S. SELERAC.

#### FOR THE HIVE.

AMIDST the various blessings bestowed by the kind and indulgent hand of nature, there is none for which we ought to be more thankful, and indeed none that seems to be so universally enjoyed with so much satisfaction, as that portion of understanding which is allotted to each of us in a greater or less degree, and which alone constitutes the difference between mankind and the brute creation. Since the greater part of the former are endued with understanding and the faculty of reasoning;—pity it is that so many are ignorant how to make a good use of it;—and very much is it to be lamented that many more, who *could* make a better use of it, so often deviate from its dictates, and pursue those of will and inclination in preference.

There are many, who, though they possess a very good natural understanding, yet having no opportunity of enlarging it, their ideas become contracted within the limits of

the town which they inhabit, so that they have not a single thought or wish beyond it. Of this sort, the common class most generally are; content with the little stock of knowledge they possess, they think they have already acquired wisdom enough, and it would be folly to get more. How many are there also, who, though not like those just mentioned—perfectly indifferent; yet still worse, for in reality they know very little more, and are full of self-conceit of what they do not possess. Thus will we hear them with all the humility they can possibly feign—acknowledge that they are not as wise as they might be; but this, as will be found by the result, is not the opinion they entertain of themselves;—for, do but hint in the slightest manner at their frailties, and attempt to point out to them the particular subject on which they are most deficient; and you will very soon find how far you will wander before you hit on the identical one, I mean such as they will allow to be so.

That the human heart is naturally frail, and very susceptible of the idle breath of praise and flattery; we need no further evidence than what we daily have an opportunity of seeing in our intercourse with the world. We very often meet with men whose hearts are of this description, and so unaccustomed to accompany their language: that they flatter and are flattered by turns, according as they obey the dictates of caprice, inclination, or perhaps interest.—They shut their ears, when, in the language of praise, or indeed sometimes of merited commendation, we extol their performances:—They exclaim them rather as deserving censure, and alledge their unworthiness by a thousand frivolous words, whose meaning very little accords with the language of their hearts. But express your sentiments in a different strain; decry their performances as weak and senseless, (and perhaps this epithet would best suit them,) change the language of commendation into that of censure—and then mark the effect. No longer then will you hear the modest plea of unworthiness—then will the feigned disgust to praise vanish—in fine, they will call it the height of presumption to attempt to call in question their abilities, and will immediately condemn your judgement as valid and incorrect—would then support by all the arguments in their power, the character of what before they had modestly asserted deserved none.—O frail son of man, thus, thus vain is thy disposition. CLIO.

#### FOR THE HIVE.

AS down fair CONNESTOGUE'S winding stream I stroll'd, hast'ning along each tedious hour of time, I beheld a fair one; who, as the green-turf'd path she trod, seem'd num'ring each spear of grass that caught her eye. She stood and gaz'd;—then wrap'd



in thought, she seem'd to con e'er sorrow ; and her breast, which heaving to each throb, as if contending passions there were pent, which eager to escape soon burst their bounds—she thus was hear'd to say :—

Tell me, Oh ! Nature, why was I ever born to feel the scourge of hopeless love ? Oh ! tell me, why is this poor bosom compell'd to feel another's want of faith ? Yes, tell me *Henry*, why thou canst thus leave thy *Anna's* faithful breast, for one that ne'er can love like me ? For well, full well thou know'st (if truth can be believ'd) it never felt one anxious sigh, but for thy safety.—Then why wilt thou permit me thus to wander, friendless and forlorn, untought of and neglected ?—But know, hard-hearted swain, thy stern neglect shall soon sever the slender thread by which life's troubles are suspended. Then shall those bitter sorrows pass away ;—then shall those acute feelings cease to pain ;—then shall I be at rest ;—deep in the grass-dorn'd grave shall all my sorrows cease ;—then, and not 'till then, wilt thou feel remorse's poignant sting ; for remember, it was thee that ruin'd me. Oh ! cursed be that fatal hour when first those eyes beheld thee ; and doubly cursed be that ill-fated hour when first I thought thee faithful :—For well I know, a mother's sorrows will bedew my early grave : And, oh ! yet could I wish one caution for thy safety ;—beware, a brother's vengeance may o'ertake thee.

Thus you behold the artless maid deceiv'd—thus it is, that monster man deceives the fair—man, who was form'd to protect, hath been the first to prey upon the innocent—hath been the first to scatter the flower, whose fragrance he ought to have cultivated—who rested for security upon his honor.

I approach'd—I tried to soothe her sorrows ; they were not to be sooth'd ; the sigh of deep-felt anguish, often interven'd ; our tears fell in unison ; (they were from thy source, Oh ! sensibility ! ) I left her to mourn in secret ;—perhaps the hand of time will soothe her grief. SAUNTERER.

#### FOR THE HIVE.

#### ON HUMANITY.

WE almost involuntarily bestow our admiration and friendship on a person who does not assume any additional importance for any favors which capricious fortune has bestowed on him, or for the wealth which he may have acquired by his own industry ; but who possesses an equanimity of mind, (which is truly noble) and though the sun of prosperity gilds his days, yet will not consider himself of more importance than his neighbors ; or who, when adversity's gloomy clouds have arisen in his atmosphere and darkened his fairest prospects, submits with resignation to the decree of Omnipotence, and regards not the scornful looks, or con-

temptuous sneers of those who are more wealthy than himself. Although his feelings are sufficiently susceptible to the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures ; yet he will not suffer the proud condescensions, of those who roll in affluence, in general so severely felt by those who have been reduced by misfortunes, from competence to indigence, to lead him into any inconsiderate warmth, or to occasion him to be guilty of any passionate indiscretion.—Such as these—such as can bear honors with humility ; endure misfortune without repining, and poverty with content, ought to be esteemed as objects of universal admiration ;—but unfortunately the value of such is too little estimated, and it is not seldom that the effusions of genius are suppressed, and its lustre obscured by poverty. How much pains, therefore, ought to be taken to seek out and rescue from oblivion, that gem, whose value is considerably enhanced by its rarity, in addition to its natural worth. JUNIUS.

#### Description of the Person of our SAVIOUR.

PUBLIUS LENTULUS, the Roman president at Jerusalem in a letter to the senate of Rome describes the person of our Saviour thus :—

“ There appeared in our days, a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth, but his disciples call him the son of God, he raised the dead, and cures all manner of diseases—A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder may love and fear ; his hair of the colour of a chesnut full ripe, plain to his ears thence down it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders ; in the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair like the Nazarites ; his forehead smooth and very delicate ; his face without spot or blemish, beautified with a lovely red : his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended : his beard thickish in colour like his hair ; not very long but forked ; his look innocent and mature : his eyes grey, clear and quick ; in reproving he is terrible ; in admonishing courteous and fair spoken ; pleasant in conversation mixt with gravity : it can't be remembered that any have seen him laugh but many have seen him weep—In proportion of body most excellent ; his hands and arms delicate to behold ; in speaking very temperate, modest and wise ; a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men.”

*A letter of Agbarus king of Edessa to our blessed Saviour.*

WE have heard of thee and of thy cures ; that they are wrought by thee without phisick or herbs—'tis also reported thou mak-est the blind to see, the lame to walk, and

cleanest the lepers, casteth out unclean spirits and devils, curest those that are afflicted with disease, and raisest the dead. Hearing all this of thee I thought one of these two things ; either that thou art God that camest down from heaven to do these cures, or the son of God who dost them.

Wherefore I beseech thee hereby to vouchsafe to come unto me and cure the disease with which I am oppressed, I have also heard that the Jews slander and persecute thee ; but I have a city small indeed but honest, which may suffice us both.

Eusebius bishop of Casarea in Palestine affirms he copied these letters out of the records of Edessa, and translated them out of the Chaldee.

#### The answer of Jesus to the letter of king Agbarus.

BLESSED art thou because thou hast believed in me when thou thyself hast not seen me, for it is written of me, therefore those that see me believe not in me, that those that see me not may believe and live—but as to thy request of my coming to thee I must here complete my mission, and then be taken up to him that sent me ; but after my ascension I will send one of my disciples to cure thee and minister life to thee and to those that are with thee.

This letter is also admitted as true by many learned and judicious men, particularly Dr. Cave in his *Historia Literata*, and Pearson in his *Vindication of Ignatius*.

#### SHORT LESSONS OF ADVICE.

LOVE your fellow-creatures, though vicious ; but hate vice in the friend you love most.

Never fish for praise—it is not worth the bait.—Do well, but do not boast of it.

#### To Correspondents.

“ Humphry Gubbin's Courtship,” which has appeared in almost every news-paper on the continent, has been twice handed to us for publication, as an original ;—first, by a writer who signs himself VIXEN ; and, secondly, by JOHN THOMPSON, jun. We sincerely pity the person who could be capable of such an act.—We shall, however, give it a place in our next number, among the selected matter, to gratify the scribblers.

We shall commence publishing PHILLO's versification of a part of the Songs of Selma, as soon as possible.

The Fragments, signed ELIDURUS, shall receive due attention.

A's “ Sympathetic Lines” in our next.

Lancaster, August 17, 1803.

DIED—On Thursday evening last, in the 20th year of her age, Miss Charlotte Leonard, second daughter of Mr. Christian Leonard, of this borough, truly regretted by all who had the honor of her acquaintance.

“ All, all on earth is SHADOW ; all beyond

“ IS SUBSTANCE ;

“ How solid all, where change shall be no more !”

## POETRY.

## FOR THE HIVE.

TO JULIA.

SHALL thy graces, O, Julia, that gladden my day,  
And brighten the gloom of the night;  
(Till life be extinguish'd) from memory stray,  
Which it ought to review with delight.

Yet who, alas! like me was blest,  
To others, ere thy charms were known;  
When fancy told my raptur'd breast,  
That Julia smil'd on me alone.

Upbraiding—shall gratitude say with a tear,  
"That no longer I think of those charms;  
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,  
And faded at length in my arms!"

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs—  
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;  
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies,  
When others to thy beauties kneel.

J. T.

## FOR THE HIVE.

NEAR Swatara, a lady show'd her friend,  
A grotto, that she wish'd him to commend;  
Quoth she, "How cool in summer, this abode."  
"Yes, madam, (answer'd Thomson) for a toad."

MR. M'DOWELL,

By giving the following "Lines extempore  
by Thomas Paine, (of Massachusetts) a place  
in The Hive, you will oblige

J. T.

QUICK as the lightning's vivid flash,  
The Poet's eye o'er Europe rolls;  
Sees battles rage—hears tempests crash,  
And dims at horror's threatening scowls.

Marks ambition's ruthless king,  
With crimson'd banners scath the globe;  
While trailing after conquest's wing,  
Man's fest'ring wounds his demon probe.

Pall'd with the streams of reeking gore,  
That stain the proud imperial day;  
He turns to view the western shore,  
Where freedom holds her bloodless sway.

'Tis here her sage, triumphant sways,  
An empire in the people's love;  
'Tis here the sovereign will obeys,  
No king—but he who rules above.

## THE PRETTY VIXEN.

WHEN foam'd the dashing waves, and winds were high,  
Like Venus, sure, from Ocean's arms you sprung;  
For I can bear the lightning of your eye,  
But who can bear the thunder of your tongue?

## INSCRIPTION ON A CLOCK.

I SERVE thee here with all my night,  
To tell the hours by day, by night;  
Therefore example take by me,  
To serve thy God, as I serve thee.

## COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

## LODGINGS

## FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN—A TALE.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown  
place,  
Has seen "Lodgings to Let," stare him full in the  
face;  
Some are good, and let dearly; while some 'tis well  
known,  
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Derry Down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
Hir'd lodgings that took single gentlemen only;  
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton!—  
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his room; and to bed he retreated,  
But all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;  
And tho' heavy to weight, as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same, and the next; and the  
next;  
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;  
Week pass'd after week; 'till by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was pass'd all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt  
him;  
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about  
him;  
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,  
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's  
a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise—"a slow fever," he said:  
Prescribed sudorifics; and going to bed.  
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are hum-  
bugs;  
"I've enough of them there, without paying for  
drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor—but when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;  
So, calling his host—he said—"Sir do you know,  
"I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?"

"Look'ee, landlord, I think," argu'd Will, with a  
grin,  
"That with honest intensions you first took me in;  
"But from the first night—and to say so I'm bold;  
"I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught  
cold."

Quoth the landlord—"now, I ne'er had a dispute;  
"I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;  
"In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no soven,  
"And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!!!" says Will—says the host, "why  
this passion?  
"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.  
"Why, so crusty, good sir!" "Zounds!"—cries  
Will in a taking,  
"Who would not be crusty, with half a year's bak-  
ing!"

Will paid for his room; cri'd the host, with a sneer,  
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."  
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel," Will  
said;  
"For one man may die, where another makes bread."

## SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

A WOMAN living at St. Neots, (in the  
year 1740) returning from Elsworth, where  
she had been to receive a legacy of seven-  
teen pounds that was left her; and for fear  
of being robbed, tied it up in her hair. As  
she was going home, she overtook her next-  
door neighbour, a butcher by trade, but who  
kept an inn, and lived in good repute. The  
woman was glad to see him, and told him  
what she had been about. He asked her  
where she had concealed her money? She  
told him in her hair. The butcher finding  
a convenient opportunity, took her off her  
horse, and cut her head off, put it into his  
pack, and rode off. A gentleman and his  
servant coming directly by, and seeing the  
body moving on the ground, ordered his  
servant to ride full speed forward, and the  
first man he overtook, to follow him where-  
ver he went. The servant overtook the butcher  
not a mile off the place, and asked him  
what town that was before them? He told  
him St. Neots. Says he, "my master is  
just behind, and sent me forward to inquire  
for a good inn, for a gentleman and his ser-  
vant."—The murderer made answer that he  
kept a good inn, where they should be well  
used. The gentleman overtook them, and  
went in with them, and dismounted, bidding  
his servant take care of the horse, whilst he  
would take a walk in the town, and be back  
presently. He went to a constable, and  
told him the whole affair, who said that the  
butcher was a very honest man, and had  
lived there many years in great reputation;  
but, going back with the gentleman, and  
searching the pack, the constable, to his  
great surprise, found it was the head of his  
own wife! The murderer was sent to Hunt-  
ingdon jail, and shortly after executed.

## TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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scribers who receive their papers in town,  
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